



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

KC
6923

HN 6GTQ V

FAVORITE POEMS

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

VEST-POCKET SERIES

OF

Standard and Popular Authors.



THE great popularity of the "Little Classics" has proved anew the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark: "Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all." The attractive character of their contents has been very strongly commended to public favor by the convenient size of the volumes. These were not too large to be carried to the fire or held readily in the hand, and consequently they have been in great request wherever they have become known.

The Vest - Pocket Series

consists of volumes
sics." Their
cloth binding
carrying on st

Clas-
ble
for
of

their contents makes them desirable always and everywhere. The series includes

STORIES, ESSAYS, SKETCHES, AND POEMS

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

Emerson,

Longfellow,

Whittier,

Hawthorne,

Carlyle,

Aldrich,

Hood,

Gray,

Aytoun,

Tennyson,

Lowell,

Holmes,

Browning,

Macaulay,

Milton,

Campbell,

Owen Meredith,

Pope,

Thomson,

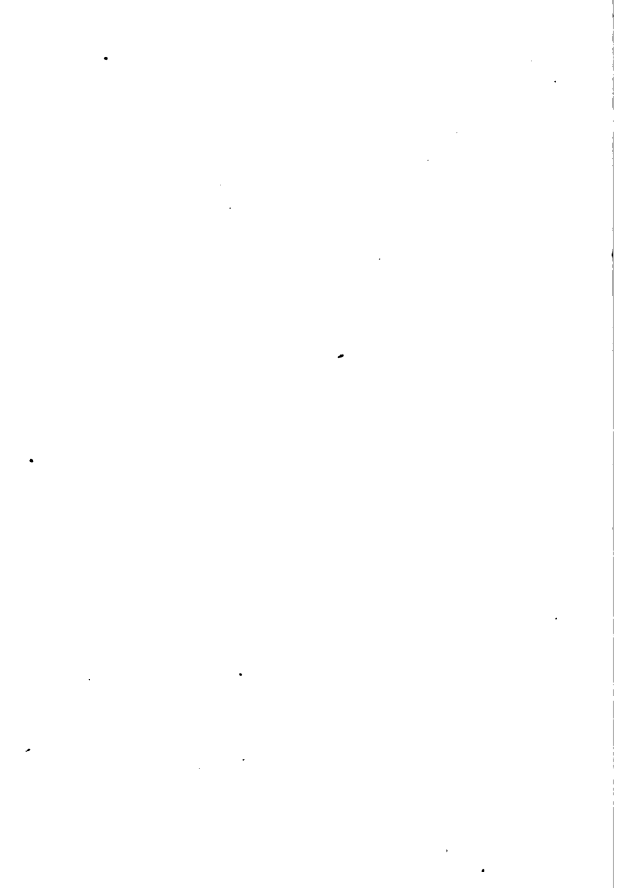
AND OTHERS OF EQUAL FAME.

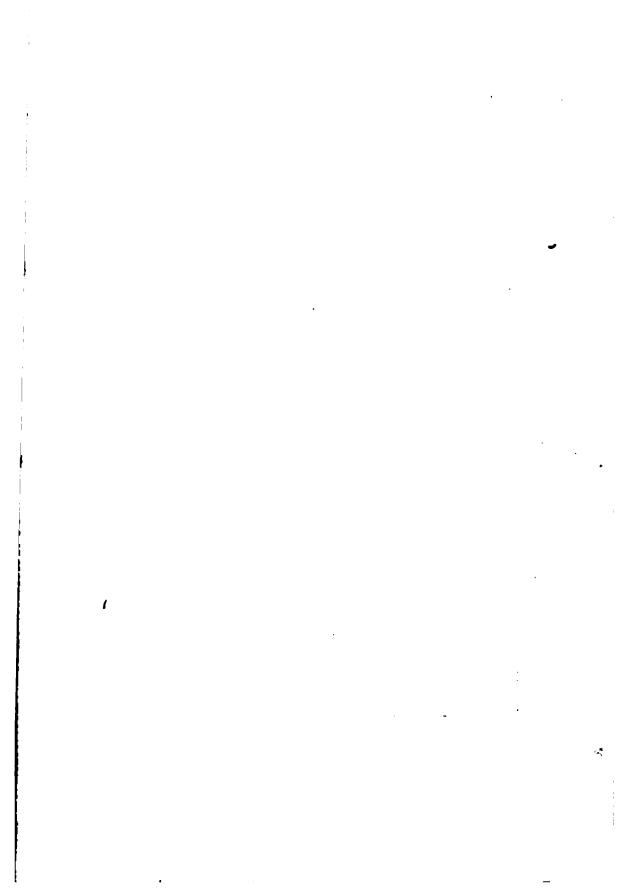
The volumes are beautifully printed, many of them illustrated, and bound in flexible cloth covers, at a uniform price of

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.







"A lady . . .
Tended the garden from morn to even."

FAVORITE POEMS.

BY

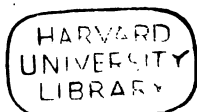
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Illustrated.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co.
1877.

KC 6923



42 * 11





CONTENTS.

	Page
TO HARRIET —	11
OPENING STANZAS OF "QUEEN MAB"	12
ON A FADED VIOLET	15
STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES	16
ODE TO THE WEST WIND	20
AN EXHORTATION	25
ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI	26
THE SENSITIVE-PLANT	27
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY	45
THE CLOUD	46
TO A SKYLARK	50
TO — (I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden).	58
ARETHUSA	58
TO THE MOON	62
THE WORLD'S WANDERERS	63
MUTABILITY	64
SONG (Rarely, rarely, comest thou)	65

A FRAGMENT (As a violet's gentle eye)	67
To — (Music, when soft voices die)	68
TO-MORROW	68
A LAMENT (Swifter far than summer's flight)	69
A LAMENT (O world, O life, O time)	70
LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR	71
To — (When passion's trance is overpast)	72
GOOD-NIGHT	73
DIRGE FOR THE YEAR	74
To — (One word is too often profaned)	75
TO A LADY : WITH A GUITAR	76
To — (The keen stars were twinkling)	82
LINES (When the lamp is shattered)	83
THE INVITATION	85
THE RECOLLECTION	87
OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT	92
A DIRGE	93





ILLUSTRATIONS.

"A lady

Tended the garden from morn to even . . . *From:is:piece.*

Page

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear" 17

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit" 51

"And teach it all the harmony

In which thou canst" 77







Favorite Poems.







TO HARRIET —.

WHOSE is the love that, gleaming
through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its
scorn ?

Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward ?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow ?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more ?

Harriet ! on thine : — thou wert my purer
mind ;

Thou wert the inspiration of my song ;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love,
And know, though time may change and
 years may roll,
 Each flow'ret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

OPENING STANZAS OF "QUEEN
MAB."

OW wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue ;
 The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world :
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

 Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
 Seized on her sinless soul ?
 Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view

Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish ?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin —
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize ?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness ?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture, from her smile ?

Yes ! she will wake again,
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
And silent those sweet lips,
Once breathing eloquence
That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
Her dewy eyes are closed,

And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed.
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark ! whence that rushing sound ?
'T is like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening :
'T is softer than the west-wind's sigh ;
'T is wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep :
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the tints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen !
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air ;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,

And stop obedient to the reins of light :
These the Queen of Spells drew in,
She spread a charin around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

ON A FADED VIOLET.



HE color from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled
on me ;

The odor from the flower is flown,
Which breathed of thee and only thee !

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm
With cold and silent rest.

I weep — my tears revive it not ;
I sigh — it breathes no more on me ;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.



HE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and
bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might :
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers,
thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone



“The sun is warm, the sky is clear.”



Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my
emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor
leisure.

Others I see whom these surround ;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in
memory yet.

December, 1818.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.



WILD West Wind, thou breath of
Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence
the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and
low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in
air)

With living hues and odors plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's
commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven
and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are
spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim
verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O
hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer
dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far
below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O
hear !

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ; I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
bowed
One too like thee ; tameless, and swift, and
proud.

v.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit
fierce,
My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth ;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
kind !

Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

AN EXHORTATION.



CHAMELEONS feed on light and air ;
Poets' food is love and fame :
If in this wide world of care

Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day ?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea ;
Where light is, chameleons change !
Where love is not, poets do.
Fame is love disguised : if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind :

If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
O, refuse the boon !

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA
VINCI,

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.



Lie, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain peak
supine ;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly ;
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.
Yet it is less the horror than the grace
Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone

Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
'T is the melodious hues of beauty thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

THE SENSITIVE-PLANT.

PART I.



SENSITIVE-PLANT in a garden
grew,
And the young winds fed it with
silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark
breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with
bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet
want,

As the companionless Sensitive-Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor,
sent

From the turf, like the voice and the instru-
ment.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness,

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so
pale

That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and
blue,

Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath ad-
drest,

Which unveiled the depth of her glowing
breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender
sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-
rose,

The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering
 blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide
 and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and
 across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate
 bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flow'rets, which drooping as day drooped
 too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet :
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded
 them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love
 make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmos-
 phere.

But the Sensitive-Plant, which could give
 small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the
 root,
Received more than all, it loved more than
 ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to
 the giver ;

For the Sensitive-Plant has no bright flower:
Radiance and odor are not its dower ;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining
wings
Shed the music of many murmurings ;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The pluméd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream ; —

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive-Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven
 above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was
 all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more
 deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects
 were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,
Whose waves never mark, though they ever
 impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive-
 Plant.)

The Sensitive-Plant was the earliest
Ungathered into the bosom of rest ;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme :

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and
motion

Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks
forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the
Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from
her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than
Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were
awake ;
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him
from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest.
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and the going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;

I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their
frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof, —

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee, and the beam-like ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths
that kiss

The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not,
did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown — she died!

PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive-Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral-chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank.

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass ;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful
 tone,
And sat in the pines and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul :
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and
 bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day by day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and
red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingéd seeds
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's
stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken
stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many
 a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's
 back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock
 dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels
 loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous under-
 growth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and
 blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and
 mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-
snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose, which have strength to kill ;
At morn they were seen, at noon they were
felt,
At night they were darkness no star could
melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive-Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches
soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;

The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came. The wind was his whip ;
One choppy finger was on his lip ;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which without a
sound

The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living
death,

Fled from the frost to the earth beneath ;
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive-Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want :
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and
bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again ;
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden and heavy and
stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive-Plant was a leafless wreck ;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks
and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive-Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
Of error, ignorance and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away :
'T is we, 't is ours, are changed ! not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change ; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.



HE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle :
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother ;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?



THE CLOUD.

I.



BRING fresh showers for the thirst-
ing flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;

And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or
stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue
smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his météor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead ;

As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit
sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

v.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to
my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing
below.

VI.

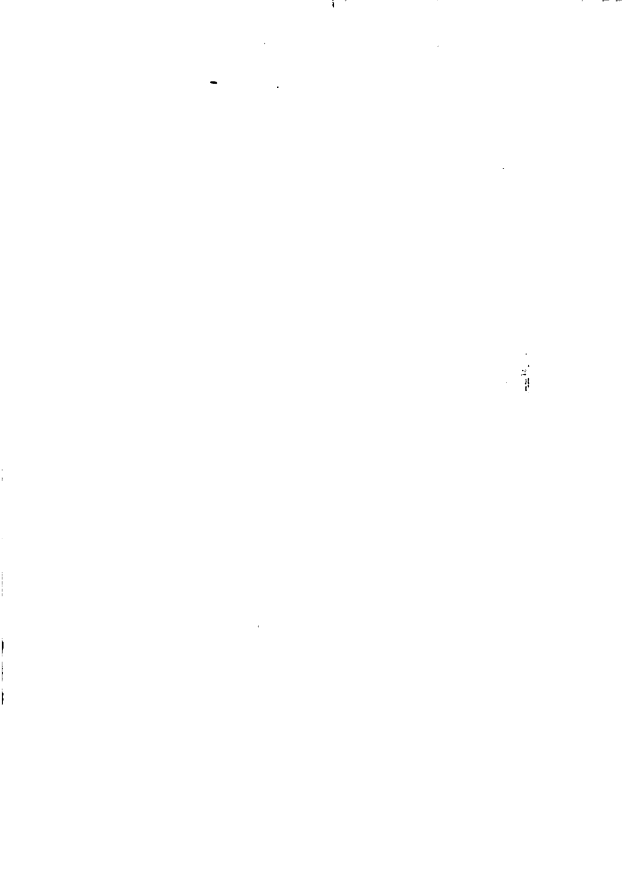
I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and
shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

AIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.



"Hail to thee, blithe spirit."



Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest ;
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singing.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just
begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud ;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven
is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of
melody —

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden

Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows
her bower :

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering un beholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth
surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what igno-
rance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad sa-
ticty.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sad-
dest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come
near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listen-
ing now.

TO —.



FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
Thou needest not fear mine ;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ;
Thou needest not fear mine :
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

ARETHUSA.



ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains ;
From cloud and from crag

With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams ;
Her steps paved with green .
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams ;
And gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep.
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook ;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks ; — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder

Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below ;
The beard and the hair
Of the river-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“ O save me ! O guide me,
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair ! ”
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer ;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam ;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream :
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind, —
As an eagle pursuing

A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.
Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearléd thrones ;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of colored light ;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night : —
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted

Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill ;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel ;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore ;
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

TO THE MOON.



ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on
the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different
birth, —

And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.



TELL me, thou star, whose wings of
light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow ?



MUTABILITY.



HE flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies ;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight ?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !
Friendship too rare !
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair !
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep, —
Dream thou — and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

SONG.



RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !

Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'T is since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure :
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery ;

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good :
Between thee and me

What difference ? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee ;
Thou art love and life ! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

A FRAGMENT.



S a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky,
Until its hue grows like what it be-
holds ;
As a gray and empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst,
Over the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow ;
As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around,

Until the voiceless wind be music too ;
As aught dark, vain, and dull,
Basking in what is beautiful,
Is full of light and love.

TO —.



MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken ;

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

TO-MORROW.



HERE art thou, beloved To-morrow ?
When young and old, and strong
and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,

Thy sweet smiles we ever seek, —
In thy place — ah ! well-a-day !
We find the thing we fled — To-day.

A LAMENT.



SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone.
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be :
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear ;
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

A LAMENT.



WORLD, O life, O time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had
stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
No more — O, nevermore !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight :
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief, but with
delight
No more — O, nevermore !

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.



ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me— who knows how ?
 To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream ;
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 O beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
 I die, I faint, I fail !

Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast,
O, press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last !

TO —.



WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last
Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest — and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear ;

All things revive in field or grove
And sky and sea, but two, which move
And form all others, life and love.

GOOD-NIGHT.



OOD-NIGHT? ah, no! the hour is
ill

Which severs those it should unite ;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight ?
Be it not said, though understood,
That it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good ; because, my love,
They never *say* good-night.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.



DRIPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep !
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep :
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day ;
Solemn hours ! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year :— be calm and mild,
Trembling hours ; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave ;
February bears the bier ;
March with grief doth howl and rave ;
And April weeps — but, O ye hours !
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

TO —.



NE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it ;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not, —

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

TO A LADY ; WITH A GUITAR.



ARIEL to Miranda : — Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee ;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.



**“And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst.”**

From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel ;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not ;
And now, alas ! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave, —
From you, he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree, —
O that such our death may be ! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamored tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,

And the many-voicéd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For one beloved friend alone.

TO —.



HE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among
them,

Dear * * * !

The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung
them

Again.

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,

So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night ;

No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
 A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
 Are one.

LINES.

HEN the lamp is shattered,
 The light in the dust lies dead ;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed ;
 When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
 When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute, —
 No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,

Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.



THE INVITATION.



EST and brightest, come away,
Fairer far than this fair day,
Which like thee to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn,
To hoar February born ;
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.
Away, away, from men and towns,

To the wildwood and the downs ;
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor : —
“ I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields.
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside of Sorrow.
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,
You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,
I will pay you in the grave,
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation, too, be off !
To-day is for itself enough.
Hope, in pity mock not woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go ;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment good
After long pain — with all your love,
This you never told me of.”

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake, arise, and come away !
To the wildwoods and the plains,
To the pools where winter reigns
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun,
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sand-hills of the sea,
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new :
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one,
In the universal sun.



THE RECOLLECTION.

OW the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
Up, do thy wonted work ! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the heavens' brow.

I.

We wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play ;
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

II.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own ;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

III.

How calm it was ! — the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the wide mountain waste,

To the soft flower beneath our feet
A magic circle traced ;
A spirit interfused around
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife ; —
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

IV.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 't were a little sky
Gulfed in a world below ;
A firmament of purple light,
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day ;
In which the lovely forests grew,
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,

And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath
With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest,
Until an envious wind crept by,
Like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.

— Though thou art ever fair and kind,
The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
Than calm in waters seen.



OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.



MET a traveller from an antique
land

Who said : Two vast and trunkless
legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart
that fed ;

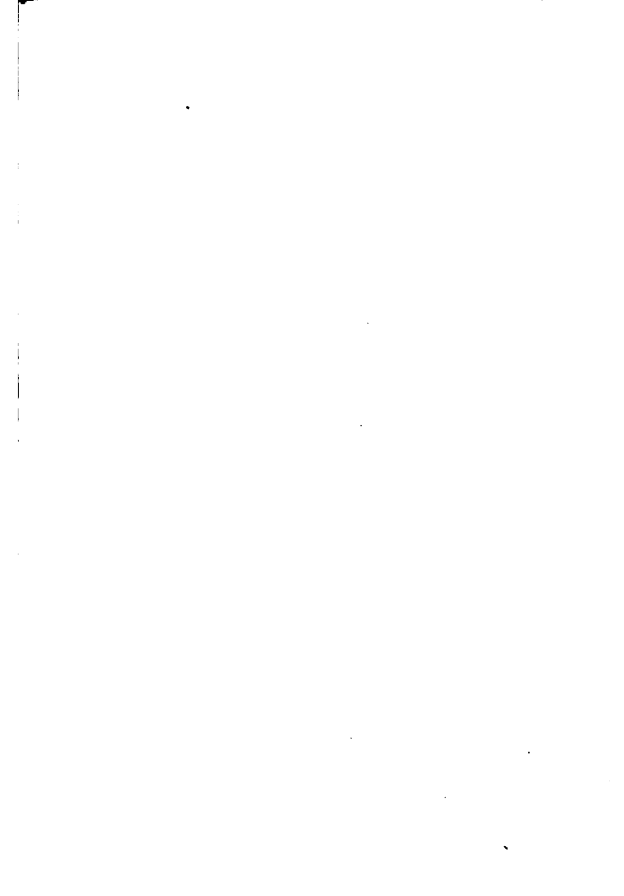
And on the pedestal these words appear :
“ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair ! ”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

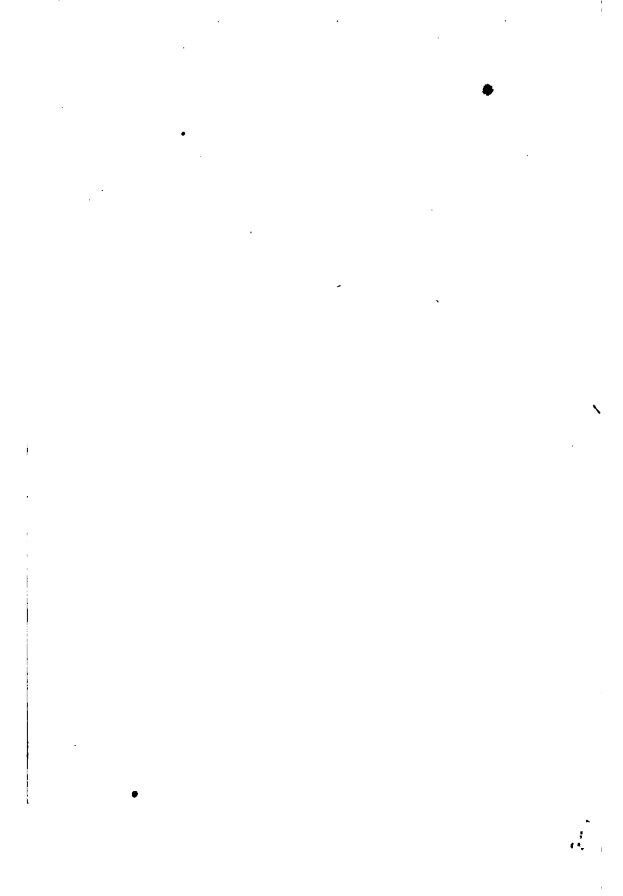


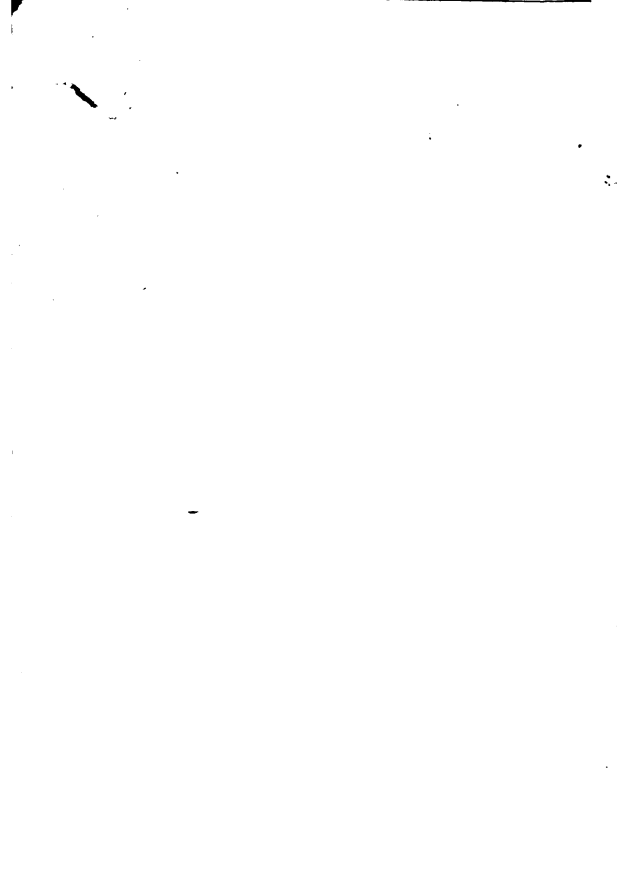
A DIRGE.

TOUGH wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song ;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long ;
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
Bare woods, whose branches strain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail, for the world's wrong.









THE VEST-POCKET SERIES

SNOW-BOUND	JOHN G. WHITTIER.
EVANGELINE	H. W. LONGFELLOW.
POWER, WEALTH, ILLUSIONS	R. W. EMERSON.
CULTURE, BEHAVIOR, BEAUTY	R. W. EMERSON.
MILES STANDISH	H. W. LONGFELLOW.
ENOCH ARDEN	ALFRED TENNYSON.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	JAMES T. FIELDS.
A DAY'S PLEASURE	W. D. HOWELLS.
VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL	J. R. LOWELL.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	CHARLES DICKENS.
LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP	MRS. BROWNING.
DESERTED VILLAGE and TRAVELLER	GOLDSMITH.
RAB and MARJORIE FLEMING	DR. JOHN BROWN.
THE ANCIENT MARINER	S. T. COLERIDGE.
BARRY CORNWALL	JAMES T. FIELDS.
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES	JOHN KEATS.
CHARLES DICKENS	JAMES T. FIELDS.
NATURE	R. W. EMERSON.
THE PARLOR CAR. Farce	W. D. HOWELLS.
BOOKS, ART, ELOQUENCE	R. W. EMERSON.
SUCCESS, GREATNESS, IMMORTALITY	R. W. EMERSON.
LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, DOMESTIC LIFE	R. W. EMERSON.
MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE and A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER	J. R. LOWELL.
LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS	W. E. AYTON.
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, and Other Poems	THOMAS GRAY.
FAVORITE POEMS	H. W. LONGFELLOW.
FAVORITE POEMS	O. W. HOLMES.
FAVORITE POEMS	ROBERT BROWNING.
FAVORITE POEMS	ALFRED TENNYSON.
FAVORITE POEMS	JOHN G. WHITTIER.
LEGENDS OF THE PROVINCE HOUSE	N. HAWTHORNE.
TALES OF THE WHITE HILLS	N. HAWTHORNE.
A RIVERMOUTH ROMANCE	T. B. ALDRICH.
MISS MEHETABEL'S SON	T. B. ALDRICH.

Most of these charming and convenient little books are illustrated. Price, cloth, 50 cents each.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,

PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

THE VEST-POCKET SERIES.

"Osgood's 'Vest-Pocket Series' deserve the heartiest appreciation, and will doubtless receive it. They are small, dainty, slightly, and — rarest quality of small books — legible. The type is as large as the largest used in the 'Christian Union,' and yet, by an excusable disregard of the traditional width of margin, each little page contains a great deal of reading-matter. We hope the series will be enlarged as long as good material exists with which to extend it. Generally a book is companionable in exact ratio with its unobtrusiveness, and the faculty it has for being always with us. A traveller without trunk or valise might carry a dozen of these little books without disarranging his pockets, and be sure of that literary enjoyment which the stores of train-boy or railway-station news-agent never afford." — *The Christian Union*.

"These tiny books are not made by means of fine type and flimsy paper. The paper is heavy and firm, and the type is wonderfully clear and legible. In fact, it looks large. These beautiful little books must be accorded rank as the gold dollars of the currency of elegant letters. Yet they cost but fifty cents apiece!" — *Congregationalist (Boston)*.

"For pocket volumes, to be carried about on journeys and read by snatches, to be taken to the country or seashore in summer, or to be read by the fireside in winter, these little books satisfy all the requirements of convenient size, attractive exterior, and intrinsic interest and value." — *Boston Journal*.

"Volumes of such dainty shape that one might suppose them ordered for the inhabitants of Liliput. Queen Mab could be fancied wisely perusing such fairy-like tomes, as she lazily lounges in a white lily's hollow." — *Chicago Tribune*.

"We have rarely seen anything more exquisite in the shape of miniature editions of authors than the 'Vest-Pocket Series.'" — *New York Evening Mail*.

"The most... season." —
Louisville

BOSTON.

